The Stranger From The Cafe

The Life Of A Modern Day Casanova

A Short Story

By

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How To Quote From Books?

Whenever you want to quote something from a book, use the page number, line number and word number.

So, the three basic numbers are,

1. Page Number
2. Line Number
3. Word number

Please note that the “Line Number” in here is the line number of a page. All valid lines should at least include one word in it. Also, line numbering does not count the header, footer or any footnote in that page. So, out of the content of that page, starting with number 1 from top to bottom, any line with at least one word in it, is a valid line.

How To Quote From Books?

Also note that the word number is, the number of the word in a line. In each line, word count starts with number 1 from left to right.

Based on the published versions, there are two additional numbers to consider when quoting from a book. Those are,

1. Edition Number (You may use the ISBN or ASIN if editions have separate numbers)
2. Volume Number

Please read this whole section to the end to read about the explanation on how to use these numbers to quote from a book.

Let's look at basic ways of quoting something from the book. For example, if I want to quote the word "*Book*" in the title of this section, then you may quote it as follows,

"*The Stranger From The Cafe: Page i: Line 1: Word 5*" or "*The Stranger From The Cafe: i:1:5*". This is equal to the word "*Book*".

If you want to quote the whole title of this section at once, then use a word range from the first word to the last word of the title as follows,

"*The Stranger From The Cafe: Page i: Line 1: Word 1 to Page i: Line 1: Word 5*" or "*The Stranger From The Cafe: i:1:1—i:1:5*". This quotation is the same as quoting the sentence: "*How to Quote from Books?*"

In the same way, you may quote as many words, lines and pages as needed at once.

To quote a range of pages, use the following method,

"*The Stranger From The Cafe: Page i to Page vi*" or "*The Stranger From The Cafe: i—vi*". This is equal to the six pages which contain this whole section called "*How to Quote from Books?*".

Similarly, to quote specific pages, you may use the following method (you may include multiple page numbers separated by commas.),

"*The Stranger From The Cafe: Page i, Page vi*" or "*The Stranger From The Cafe: i, vi*". This quote is equal to two pages numbered '*i*' and '*vi*' which contains the first and the last page of this section on "*How To Quote From Books?*". You may also use a combination of comma-separated page

numbers and page ranges to quote everything you want at once.

Similarly, to quote a paragraph or any range of lines, use the following format.

"*The Stranger From The Cafe: Page i: Line 2 to Page i: Line 3*" or "*The Stranger From The Cafe: i:2—i:3*". This is equal to the first paragraph of this section which has only two lines.

Also, to quote specific lines, you may use the following method (you may include multiple line numbers separated by commas.),

"*The Stranger From The Cafe: Page i: Line 2, Line 3*" or "*The Stranger From The Cafe: i:2,3*". This quote also equals to the two lines which contain the first paragraph of this section. You may also use a combination of comma-separated line numbers and line ranges to quote everything you want at once.

So, the most complex form of a quote you can make with this method is to point to some content in a book that starts with one specific word and ends with another specific word, as follows,

"*The Stranger From The Cafe: Page i: Line 2: Word 1 to Page i: Line 03: Word 8*" or "*The Stranger From The Cafe: i:2:1—i:3:8*". This quote also equals to the first paragraph of this section which only has two lines.

This manner of quoting will make sure everyone from everywhere refers to the same content of a book while quoting from its content.

If there are multiple editions of a book, then you may also mention the edition number along with the title of the book itself. For example, to quote from the first edition of the book, use the following method,

"*The Stranger From The Cafe—First Edition: Page i: Line 2: Word 1 to Page i: Line 03: Word 8*" or "*The Stranger From The Cafe—1st Ed.: i:2:1—i:3:8*". This quote also equal to the first paragraph of this section called "*How To Quote From Books?*" in the first edition of this book titled "*The Stranger From The Cafe*".

Similarly, if you are reading a split edition, which means a book that is published in multiple volumes, then please refer to the volume number after the edition number. For

example, to quote from the first volume of the first edition, use the following method,

"*The Stranger From The Cafe—First Edition—Volume I: Page i: Line 2: Word 1 to Page i: Line 03: Word 8*" or "*The Stranger From The Cafe—1st Ed.—Vol. I: i:2:1—i:3:8*". This quote also equal to the first paragraph of this section called "*How To Quote From Books?*" in the first volume of the first edition of this book titled "*The Stranger From The Cafe*".

Alternatively, if the editions have separate identification numbers, then you may use the ISBN number or the ASIN number instead of the edition number to quote from a specific edition of the book.

Please note that when the edition number is not present along with the title of the book, consider that quote is from the first edition of the book. Therefore, whoever is quoting from a later edition of the book other than the first edition must include the edition number or edition name along with the title of the book. This is a must when someone is quoting from a book using this method.

About This Book

This is a short story about the life of a modern-day male escort who is living in a busy city where all the successful ones are living. This person is living among the others as a benign male escort who is doing his job. However, he has a secret. His secret can bring many people down from their fame, but in his own eyes, he is doing the society a favour.

A dangerous favour indeed.

The Stranger From The Cafe is one of the many short stories in a short story collection which belongs to another book yet to be published. I hope this short story might draw your attention to the upcoming book and you will become more curious about what the actual book is all about!

About This Book

This is the third out of six thought-provoking short stories to be released before the main book. Each short story will reveal and discuss certain aspects of current social issues and trends. Starting from April 2019, each book will be released bimonthly within the first week of the month.

Dedication

I Dedicate This Book To Everyone
And Everything That Is Existing,
Ever Existed And Will Someday
Come Into Existence.

[Author intentionally left this page blank]

The Stranger From The Cafe

The Life Of A Modern Day Casanova

It was a beautify day in the spring, a breath of fresh air uplifts almost anyone who comes outside. A cute girl walking in a red dress and red shoes with a hat and a brown long coat is almost like an exhibitionist on the side of the street. She walks into the shopping complex of a well-known apartment complex in the area. First few floors are for the visitors and for shoppers from around the world. Floors above the shopping area are for office spaces and the topmost floors are for the residents of the complex.

Every day is a busy day for the shops on the shopping floors. The girl walks into the busy ground floor full of different restaurants and cafes. It was a long walk to her to

reach the end of the building, especially on heels, to get to the left corner of the ground floor. This is where the famous cafe which provides a full lakeside view, with a glimpse of the ocean from afar, is. It is already a busy day for the cafe staff and people have taken most of the tables already.

She buys her usual latte from the counter and walks towards the large glass windows covering almost all the left wall of the cafe. Customers have taken all window-side tables and the breathtaking view from this place almost makes a person to sit longer than necessary to drink a coffee. At the end of the left corner, there is a seat in a table, only one person is sitting on this table. Strange one would say but this table at the end of the window which almost covers the outside view. Probably that's why people prefer other tables than this.

She gets to the table and straight away speaks to this stranger.

[The Cute Girl]

"Why Black?"

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Oh! I like black”

[The Cute Girl]

“But wearing all in black is obsessive, don’t you think?”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Okay, then I would say, I love black”

[The Cute Girl]

“Would you mind?”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“No, not at all, please have a seat”

[The Cute Girl]

“Thanks”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“It’s strange when someone asks you, ‘would you mind’, should I say yes or no?”

[The Cute Girl]

“Err, I think you said the right thing”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“OK then, because sometimes I say ‘yeah, sure’ instead of ‘no, not a problem’, both seem to work but I’m not sure which one is correct.”

[The Cute Girl]

“Oh! I get what you mean. I think both are just fine.”

“So, all alone?”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Yeah, this is my usual spot to have my morning coffee, and you all dressed up?”

[The Cute Girl]

“Oh! I’m having this audition for a small talk show.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Great! Are you a popular one, I’m sorry for asking.”

[The Cute Girl]

“No, it’s okay. I’m not that popular but I’m a YouTube personality, you know. A popular figure in social media.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Okay, I honestly don’t get the whole thing but I’m happy it works out well for many”

[The Cute Girl]

“Yeah, worked for me.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“It should, you look stunning.”

[The Cute Girl]

“Thanks”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“So, tell me about this talk show.”

[The Cute Girl]

“Oh! It’s nothing. It’s just a show that a host interviews some popular young people. It’s a new show, still, they are auditioning to hire a host. Anyway, I’ve seen you here before, are you working around here?”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“No, actually I live upstairs. I just come down for coffee and food.”

[The Cute Girl]

“You have an apartment here? That’s nice, I mean very convenient.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Yeah, it is.”

[The Cute Girl]

“Enough about me what do you do?”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Nothing much.”

“I used to do some brain consuming work but now I’m retired from it.”

“How can I say this…”

“I’m helping other people to unwind and recover these days.”

[The Cute Girl]

“That’s nice, is that a charity thing or something?”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Oh! Not at all! It is for a cost.”

[The Cute Girl]

“So, if I’m stressed or depressed you can help me out with that?”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Not always, but most of the time yes, I can help you relax but you may or may not like the process when you hear about it. So, I wouldn’t recommend it to you.”

[The Cute Girl]

“OK, I’m puzzled! What exactly you do?”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Do you really want to know?”

[The Cute Girl]

“Yeah! Please”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“I provide recreational sex for my clients.”

A pause, she almost spilt what’s left of her latte.

[The Cute Girl]

“Okay, I didn’t expect that. Never mind.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Yeah. You might think I’m a man whore by now.”

[The Cute Girl]

“No! No! Not like that. I don’t judge. It’s your way of things. I just didn’t expect to hear that”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Thanks”

[The Cute Girl]

“Are you gay?”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“No! No! I’m straight. I provide services to females, not to males. It’s not that I have problems with the gay but I’m not a one.”

[The Cute Girl]

“Oh! Okay.”

“Are you single or have any feelings for another person?”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Not at the moment. No. It’s more like I don’t need to, I like this way of living.”

[The Cute Girl]

“So, you have no interest in females, but you still provide recreational sex for them. That is confusing.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“It’s not like I’m an asexual or something. There is nothing wrong if you consider that but I need not want someone by my side to be an emotional anchor, you know. I can hold up on my own.”

[The Cute Girl]

“Oh! So, you wouldn’t consider marrying any of your clients?”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“No! It is a strictly professional service.”

[The Cute Girl]

"OK, it's nice talking to you. I don't want to be late for the audition. See you around."

[The Stranger From Cafe]

"Best of luck with your audition. Bye."

[The Cute Girl]

"Thanks, bye!"

She leaves the place in a hurry; she throws the empty cup in the garbage can in her way out. She didn't even stop to look around. No one is certain whether she was ashamed or felt uncomfortable about the whole conversation she had or she was just thinking about it all along.

◆◆◆

Almost after two hours, she walks back into the same cafe and this time not that crowded. She easily finds a window-side table to have her coffee and breakfast. She doesn't know how long she's been staring outside of the window, and no one can tell whether she's enjoying the view or thinking about some important thing while she's staring at

outside. I don't think she noticed any of the changes happened outside of that window.

Suddenly a familiar voice startled her,

[The Stranger From Cafe]

"How did it go?"

The stranger she met at the cafe is back.

[The Cute Girl]

"Oh! Hi! I don't know. I did my best. We'll see."

[The Stranger From Cafe]

"Good! Do you mind?"

[The Cute Girl]

"Oh! No! Please"

It was more like an automated response. She has become uncomfortable with the whole thing. The stranger sits on the same table, with his breakfast. It seems like she found another fan for herself.

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Don’t worry, It’ll be okay. If it doesn’t, who cares! Find something better”

[The Cute Girl]

“Thanks for the positivity.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“You are welcome”

[The Cute Girl]

“So, about your interesting life. How things going for you these days. Do you have regular clients?”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“I wouldn’t say regular ones but I have people who come to meet me often.”

[The Cute Girl]

“When was the last time someone came to meet you”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Oh! I’m having a break in spring. Last time was about two weeks ago. Why?”

[The Cute Girl]

“So, you are on vacation?”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Sort of?”

[The Cute Girl]

“When do you start again?”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Probably at the end of this week. Why? You seem like interested.”

[The Cute Girl]

“Not really, I’m just interested in the whole story of yours.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Oh! You won’t write an article about it, right?”

[The Cute Girl]

“No, No, don’t worry, I’m not a journalist.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“That’s relieving!”

[The Cute Girl]

“I just can’t get my head around the fact you can’t fall for someone to settle in.”

“You have almost everything here.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“I’m not that type, you know. I know that my feelings are changing. The thoughts and feelings I had at the beginning won’t be the same forever. So, how can I lie to someone and vow to live with her knowing that my thoughts and emotions get changed all the time?”

[The Cute Girl]

“Fair enough.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“It’s not like I have no feelings. I get feelings for other people. But most are temporary and I know that for certain, so, I make no unnecessary moves on it. After a casual encounter or two, it wears off.”

[The Cute Girl]

“I know what you mean. But commitment is about accepting the other person with all the flows and stick together with or without those feelings.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Have you tried living with someone with no feelings or dried out emotions? It’s not a nice experience.”

[The Cute Girl]

“You got a point there, but I don’t know.”

“I think about it differently.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Enlighten me!”

[The Cute Girl]

“If I can find the right person, then that person will know all my flaws and I know that person well enough than anyone else. For me, it’ll be easier to live with such a person.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“So, how are you going to find the right one? Window shopping?”

[The Cute Girl]

“No, I mean I can get to know someone and see.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“And how many people would you have to go through to get to the right one?”

[The Cute Girl]

“I don’t know, I might get lucky”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“That’s not luck, it’s just you trying your arse off to make it work. There is never the right one.”

[The Cute Girl]

“You are so pessimistic about it.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Lady, you can’t date everyone one on this planet you would like, can you?”

[The Cute Girl]

“No! What’s your point.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Even if you date 10 men per day for one year that is 3650 men. If you do that for 10 years that is only 36,500 men. If someone does it for 100 years that is 365,000 men, and all out of almost 8billion people on this planet.”

[The Cute Girl]

“So”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Assume there are four billion men and out of that one billion is ready to date.”

“Out of this billion let’s take 0.1 percent.”

“That is ten million!”

“Ten million men you might commit to.”

“Yes, not everyone is available but let’s see the fact.”

“The amount of men you can date for 100 years is nowhere near the amount that whole possibility.”

[The Cute Girl]

“So, what are you trying to say?”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“I’m saying don’t even try to find the right one, because most probably you would lose the right one altogether. You wouldn’t even know him.”

[The Cute Girl]

“Yeah! You are right, but I’m still saying we can be lucky and find the right one, eventually.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Whatever works for you.”

[The Cute Girl]

“So, what are you doing instead?”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“I’m helping those stressed ladies to get back on their lives by relaxing them.”

[The Cute Girl]

“Nice! All the ladies!”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“No! Not all of them, I pick my clients. I only take ones I like”

[The Cute Girl]

“Am I a one you would like to see as your client?”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“It depends, it should be fully consensual and the client should make the choice consciously. I don’t exploit my clients when they are down.”

[The Cute Girl]

“Oh! I get it! So, if I’m making a conscious choice would you?”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Absolutely! But it will cost you.”

[The Cute Girl]

“That’s okay!”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“No! I mean a lot. It will cost you a lot. My services are expensive”

[The Cute Girl]

“That’s not a problem, but it’s nice to know that you would accept me as a client.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“I think I told you already. You are beautiful. So why wouldn’t I?”

[The Cute Girl]

“Would you take me there now?”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Where?”

[The Cute Girl]

“To your service station of some sort”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“What?”

[The Cute Girl]

“Why?”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Are you serious?”

[The Cute Girl]

“Yeah!”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“You don’t even know what I do, and you are happy to let yourself unwind with a stranger?”

[The Cute Girl]

“I had worse days than that, I don’t think I would mind”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“As you wish! Make your payments ready.”

[The Cute Girl]

“How much will it cost me?”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Give me your email, I’ll forward the details.”

[The Cute Girl]

“Here”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

"Give me a second"

He takes his phone out and forwards the details of his services to her. She received it soon after and she seems to be excited than usual to see what's in that email.

[The Stranger From Cafe]

"Tell me the truth. You had a rough day today during the audition right?"

[The Cute Girl]

"Yeah! Something like that."

[The Stranger From Cafe]

"So, you driving or I'm driving?"

[The Cute Girl]

"What do you mean?"

[The Stranger From Cafe]

"To the place?"

[The Cute Girl]

"To what place?"

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“To my other apartment?”

[The Cute Girl]

“Oh! I thought you live up here.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Yes, I do, but I don’t work here. That is in a different place.”

[The Cute Girl]

“Send me the address I’ll get there. You lead, I’ll follow.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Sure”

They both left the building, and he sent the address of his other apartment to her. It’s a place far from this place close to the beach. After about a half an hour of driving, they both reached there. She didn’t expect it at first, but this is where he works. He keeps his private and professional life separate and all his clients are coming to this other

apartment to meet him. Only a few of those know where he lives, and she's one.

He parked the car and waited for her. She came a minute later and parked her car and got to the building through the front entrance. It is a lonely place, no one is in the lobby and it is just an apartment complex with no special ground floors.

They took the lift to one of the top floors of the building and once there he took her to his nice apartment with a view of the ocean. It was truly a nice apartment and one can see the coastline and horizon from the balcony. There were comfortable chairs heading the outside from the balcony and from inside so, someone could watch the sunset from there. The apartment had a nice living area a not separated sleeping area with a huge bed. There are a small kitchen and laundry area on the other side. Also, there was a huge bathroom next to the sleeping area. It was a perfect setting for such a romantic event and there are lots of cupboards and wardrobes near the bed next to the wall. The couch is in the middle of the living area which

also headed to the outside view from the balcony so one could see outside by sitting there.

[The Cute Girl]

“So, then this is your secret den?”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Kind of, but it’s not a secret to many people.”

[The Cute Girl]

“I see. It’s nice.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Thanks!”

[The Cute Girl]

“So, what do you do with this when there is no one here?”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“nothing, sometimes I come here for a change and to relax, otherwise this is always empty.”

She walked around and sit on the couch and settled there. She seems relaxed after the hectic day.

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“What do you drink?”

[The Cute Girl]

“What do you have?”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Everything is there in the fridge and water is from the filter next to the fridge. Make yourself comfortable and take whatever you want from the fridge.”

[The Cute Girl]

“Thanks!”

Then he kind of left the living area and vanished from the scene into the bathroom. She walked up to the fridge and took a cold beer out, opened it and walked back to the couch and sat on it. It was weird, but she was OK with it. Anyway, she already liked the place and view from it. She had the beer while enjoying the view and the breeze from the open doors of the balcony. He suddenly comes out of the bathroom and he was wearing nothing but a white

towel. Directly walked pass her grabs a beer from the fridge and walks back to the couch and sat on the next side.

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Isn’t it beautiful?”

[The Cute Girl]

“Yes, it is. I guess it’s more beautiful in the evening with the sunset.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Yeah it is, you can see it if you stay”

[The Cute Girl]

“We’ll see about that. So, mister what do you have here, just a bed?”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Come, I’ll show you around?”

He stood up and walks up to the bed and she followed him with the beer in her hand. He opened some cupboards, and she was a kind of surprised to see all the toys, tools and equipment related to the sex industry. If you are familiar

with pornography, think of this as a chamber of a master with all the tools and toys needed for submission including bondage.

[The Cute Girl]

“Are you a…”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Yes, and I am your master when we begin”

[The Cute Girl]

“You didn’t mention that, did you?”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“You didn’t ask, did you?”

[The Cute Girl]

“OK, so what are all these for?”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“It’s for the art of seduction”

[The Cute Girl]

“Art of what?”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Don’t you think sex is another form of art?”

[The Cute Girl]

“Since when?”

Then he goes ahead trying to explain the whole thing in one go, in an over informative way, but it worked.

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“If everything is an art, such as killing people, torturing people, dating people and everything else then why sexually pleasing people can’t be art?”

“It is an art itself, but since we consider it as a taboo, many do not see the artistic side of sexually pleasing people.”

“Most of the time people are more deprived of it, so, they’d probably release their excess energy and get rid of their deprivations instead of thinking it as an art.”

“They are more depressed to see the artistic side.”

“People like me, have more time and opportunities to explore and research on what really works.”

“So, for me, this is my art.”

“Like a painter paints, a sculptor sculpts, a singer sings, a dancer dances, this art is the form I prefer and mastered.”

“Would you like to see how good an artist I am?”

[The Cute Girl]

“Why not?”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Well then choose a safe word”

[The Cute Girl]

“Er, what?”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Chose a safe word to stop, after we start I will not stop even if you say stop, till you say the safe word. So, pick something you can remember.”

[The Cute Girl]

“OK, like what”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Any word you can think of which you might not accidentally say while you are having sex.”

[The Cute Girl]

“Oh! Let’s say it is…”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Don’t make it an easy one. What’s the fun in having an easy one”

[The Cute Girl]

“OK, I don’t know. ‘metamorphosis’. That is all I can come up with now.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Weirdly nice but it’s your choice. Remember that is your safe word and I will not stop till you say it, if you want to,”

[The Cute Girl]

“Sure”

He doesn’t use toys for all his clients, most of the clients have specific needs and some old ones prefer genuine bodily contact rather than bondage and other fancy

methods. Since she is new, I guess, he preferred her all-inclusive experience for maximizing pleasure which is probably what she needs right now.

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“You can have a wash. Keep your clothes inside and when you come out, just keep your towel on.”

[The Cute Girl]

“OK”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“But remember, when you come out, you belong to me and I am your master. Agree?”

[The Cute Girl]

“Yes”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“OK, go ahead.”

She went into the bathroom and he walked towards the balcony and closed all the doors. Then he closed the blinds and turned on lights and dimmed them to a nice warm

looking level. The air-conditioner was on and he reduced the temperature to keep it cold inside.

He then walked back toward the bathroom door, finished his beer and left the bottle on the table on the way to the door and waited there. The moment she walks out of the door he grabbed her from behind with the towel wrapped around her and kissed her from behind. He kept kissing her and slowly walked to towards the bed nearby and pushed her on to it. She turned around and looked at him, then she took one leg up and leaving the other hanging down. This revealed he genitalia, and she wasn't wearing anything. It looked like she waxes everything including her hair around that part of the body.

He walked to her and laid down on to of her and kissed her again and he removed the towel and kissed her breasts. Then he went down on her and gave her prolonged cunnilingus. This has made her make noises, and this occasionally made her scream. Just this act gave her several orgasms.

He then suddenly stood up and walked to one cupboard near the table and took out some ropes and walked back to her.

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Do you remember the safe word?”

[The Cute Girl]

“Yes”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Yes, who?”

[The Cute Girl]

“Er.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“I’m your master remember”

[The Cute Girl]

“Yes master”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“This one is for forgetting that”

He turned her around and spanked her several times on her buttocks. Then he turned her back around and asked,

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“You ready now.”

[The Cute Girl]

“Yes… Master”

He then tied her arms and legs to four corners of the bed. It wasn’t tight it seems but for sure she isn’t going anywhere without the help of anyone else. The special ropes and ways he uses to tie her somehow made sure she is not getting hurt but it. It surely made the skin red but didn’t damage her skin as it would have with other cases. He then put oil on all over her body and gave her some a body massage. Then he used his fingers to rub her vagina and put her fingers in to gave her a sudden orgasm which made her squirt. This was the first time someone has made her squirt, and she was shivering while helplessly tied down to the bed but she didn’t say a word. Then he went back to the kitchen and bought a water bottle and a glass. He poured water into a glass and walked to her. Then he held

her head up with his right hand and took the water glass near her mouth with his left hand, so she could take a sip.

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Drink!”

“These sessions can get dehydrating.”

“The more you orgasm the more fluid you lose.”

“So, you have to!”

Then she took several sips from the glass and said,

[The Cute Girl]

“Thanks”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Thanks who?”

[The Cute Girl]

“Thanks, master”

Her voice is trembling as she knew something is on the way. He put her head down and put the water glass on the bedside table.

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“You forgot again. What should I do to you?”

He went to another wardrobe and opened it. It contained all the sex toys anyone would think of; he took a vibrator out and taped it to a long stick in there. Then tied the stick to the middle of the bed from bottom. So that the vibrator touches her virginal clit. Then he used another rope and tied the vibrator from bottom to both her legs. I think he did this so that the vibrator won’t move, even if she tries to escape.

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“OK. You forgot to call me master, and this is your punishment. I will turn the vibrator on and you have to count to a hundred backwards. Until you finish counting I won’t turn it off. If you stopped counting you have to start from the beginning. Do you understand?”

[The Cute Girl]

“Yes master”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Remember, I will not stop till you end counting or tell the safe word”

She nodded. Then he turned on the vibrator and moved it on her vagina. He did this for several minutes to figure out where she is most sensitive, then he left it that place. She counted but didn’t go below eighty without screaming, so she had to start over.

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Concentrate or you wouldn’t finish”

She kept screaming, and he walked to the chair nearby and sat on it. Since he tied her down, she is trying to get rid of it but she couldn’t. She screamed and said stop several times but he didn’t move from his chair. All he said was,

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Start over. You stopped.”

Every time she screamed or said anything else.

This went on for a long time and the best she could do was to reach 67. She was tired, and she barely speaks any more. She is sweating and had several orgasms during this person.

In reality, at some point she forgot the safe word when she most needed it, then she said,

[The Cute Girl]

“I forgot the safe word and please stop”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“I’m sorry. I can’t help you, remember!”

That is when she gave up and submitted to the ongoing session.

He then walked to her and stopped it. Then, as usual, he gave her another glass of water to drink. She seemed relieved and the soon she finished drinking; he left the glass on the bedside table and picked the oil bottle again. Then she poured in around her vagina and gave her another virginal massage then another squirting orgasm just with his fingers. He did this several times, and she is shivering her eyes closed and probably cursing herself for forgetting the safe word. But she didn’t hate what happened for a single second. She was enjoying the best day of her sex life. This was the beginning of a prolonged bondage session for her. I think even she lost her orgasm

count after some time. The session lasted for hours and then she fell asleep on the bed afterwards. He didn't disturb her since then and he sat on the couch watching the amazing sunset out of the balcony.

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She woke up a few hours after the sunset. By now he untied her, and she is lying naked on the bed. She grabbed the towel on the floor and tried to cover her up,

[The Stranger From Cafe]

"You don't have to do that. You can stay naked in here. No one says anything to you."

[The Cute Girl]

"I don't know it's not nice."

[The Stranger From Cafe]

"What is not nice, we had a session remember, why now?"

[The Cute Girl]

"I'm not comfortable walking around naked, yet."

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Do you sleep naked?”

[The Cute Girl]

“Sometimes, when no one is at home.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“So, in this apartment, you are free to live naked, you don’t have to wear anything till you leave. I’ll keep the blinds closed if you are uncomfortable.”

“Please”

He walked to the balcony and closed the windows and binds.

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“You were not born with clothes on. I think staying naked is a birthright.”

[The Cute Girl]

“Yeah, right? Only if you want to get raped along the way.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“That happens because we give more value to it than we should.”

[The Cute Girl]

“Whatever.”

She let go of the towel she was holding and ever since she wore nothing while she’s in his apartment. This became a habit, and this apartment is the only place where she felt most free. Since this day, every time she visits this apartment she stayed naked until she is ready to leave.

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“You missed the sunset.”

[The Cute Girl]

“Maybe on another day”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“So, are you leaving now?”

[The Cute Girl]

“Do you want me to?”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“I don’t care how long you stay here.”

[The Cute Girl]

“Can I stay here tonight? I don’t want to go home today.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Sure why not? But you know that it costs you, right?”

[The Cute Girl]

“Oh! Come on.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Sorry, darling.”

[The Cute Girl]

“Whatever. I’m staying today”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“As you wish. Do you want me to stay?”

[The Cute Girl]

“Yeah, why not?”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“OK, then. I won’t let you sleep then.”

[The Cute Girl]

“I already slept enough, but tonight I’m the mistress. You stay there, mister. I have to make a call.”

She walked to the kitchen and made a call and came back to the couch.

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Who?”

[The Cute Girl]

“Oh! Mum. I said I’m in a friend’s place.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“What was the mistress thing, you were talking about?”

[The Cute Girl]

“I want to be a mistress for tonight and you call me madam. I’m in charge. Is that OK?”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“If that works for you, I don’t mind. I don’t get dominated around here much. I don’t mind a change.”

[The Cute Girl]

“Then get ready, won’t let you sleep.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Oh! Now I’m scared.”

As planned, she stayed overnight, ordered some food and had a nice dinner outside the on the balcony. They talked almost till midnight out there on the balcony. Then as she said, she took the lead. It wasn’t an easy day for him, and as she said he didn’t have time to sleep until it was dawn.

They both slept till the late in the morning and they both woke up a few minutes before noon. They were a kind of having a hangover without doing drugs or too much alcohol the night before. They ordered some breakfast and had it after cleaning up themselves and the place. He went on cleaning the whole place and did laundry. After he finished everything is clean and looked like the apartment she walked in the day before.

She put on her red dress and the heels, which she was wearing the day before. It is a Saturday morning, so, they both had nothing much to do outside.

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“You look nice in that dress, you know that, right?”

[The Cute Girl]

“You like it?”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Yup”

[The Cute Girl]

“What do you think of this?”

She slowly pulled up her dress until her vagina is visible. She wasn’t wearing any underwear.

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“I love it. You know what, I’d give you a complementary fuck if you are up for it.”

[The Cute Girl]

“Only if you can make it quick”

He didn’t waste his time; he jumped up and grabbed her, then he dragged her to the wall and had sexual intercourse

standing next to the wall. She is against the wall and he removed none of her clothes or the heels. That was a rough sex session for about an hour and interestingly she only had fewer orgasms while he had three orgasms, within that hour. He enjoyed it as much as she did or maybe more than she did. He already liked his new client very much.

This was the first of many encounters these two had over months. Their meetings have become very frequent, and they have explored the whole spectrum of sexual activities and occupied almost all the places in the apartment. After a few months, there wasn't any place, in the apartment they didn't have sex over. From the bathtub to the kitchen floor to the balcony, they covered it all.

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It was another day which she booked for an overnight stay. Suddenly he got a call. He was in his working apartment waiting for her but he received this call from her.

[The Cute Girl]

"Would you mind if I bring a friend in?"

[The Stranger From Cafe]

"Come on! You know me. I don't know your friend."

[The Cute Girl]

"You'd like her. Trust me."

[The Stranger From Cafe]

"I want to see her first"

[The Cute Girl]

"OK, I'll take her to the floor, if you don't like her tell me"

[The Stranger From Cafe]

"Okay, but only for this time."

[The Cute Girl]

"Sure. Thanks. I'll be there in a minute."

[The Stranger From Cafe]

"What? You already here?"

[The Cute Girl]

"Wait!"

He went outside, and both came out of the lift. Her friend is beautiful but in a more innocent way than her. He agreed

to a double session, but he didn't expect them to come in at once. However, they insisted and told him it is OK and this was the first occasion even for him. He has many experiences of having threesomes while he is outside working like an escort but he never had clients in his working apartment wanting to have threesomes.

They both came in and she watched at first while her friend is having sex with him. After about an hour she also joined. It was a long session and an overnight one which made him exhausted but the outcome thrilled two ladies.

They left thrilled in the morning and this trend continued since them. Some times she brings her friend with her when she visits. These visits were long ones, and all enjoyed more while they are having these group sessions. It has almost become like a norm for them to have a group session once a fortnight and most of these were overnight stays.

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It was another hot summer day. She visited him early that morning and after hours of lovemaking and cleaning up the apartment and themselves, they both left the place at the

same time. The little they knew there were journalists in the lobby. They walked pass through the lobby not noticing the photographers seated in the lobby. Suddenly she got startled by all the flashing of cameras. By then she knew, she has made a grave mistake by choosing to leave with him at the same time.

They didn't stop, and he covered her and take her out of the building to the car park before they come after her. They ran to her car and after she left the place, he slowly walked to his car. By then the journalists have reached there and one came directly towards him and asked,

[The Stranger From Cafe]

"Is she your girlfriend?"

He didn't say a word. He got into his car and drove away without even looking at any of them. He didn't even care to open his mouth to answer any of the questions they asked. He also knew that he had made a mistake by revealing himself to the public with her.

A week later, the tabloids have already published most of the photos from the scene. She didn't call him after that

even and he didn't reach her either. He was more worried about his other apartment and for that week he kept his appointments only for night times and found a way in through the underground parking of the building without going through the front lobby. The little he knew of the gravity of the whole situation.

One of his customers, Mrs White called him and inquired him about the event. How he is and how he went through it and so no. Also, she wanted to know if the place is safe and whether he's continuing his service. After she realised that he is doing OK since then, she wanted to meet him but not in the dedicated apartment but in his own living apartment. Only a few clients knew where he lived and Mrs White was one. He didn't know why but he gave her a specific time on the next day to drop in.

On the next day morning, he got a brief call from Mrs White again. It looked like she was in a hurry and she said,

[Mrs White]

"I'm coming there with another person. Don't mention you know me, do you understand?"

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“What?”

[Mrs White]

“You don’t know me. Just remember that.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Okay.”

A few hours after the time of the appointment, the doorbell rang. He is at his living apartment expecting Mrs White and the other person she was talking about. He walked to the door and opened the door, and he couldn’t believe what he just saw.

It was her with Mrs White outside his apartment staring at him. Mrs White broke the silence and spoke,

[The Cute Girl’s Mother/Mrs White]

“So, you are the one with my daughter on all those papers? I took a while to find who you are and one of my friends gave this address of yours.”

By then he understood the situation and invited them in,

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Please come in, let’s talk inside. I have to live here after you leave.”

Then she followed Mrs White into his apartment. She seems to be embarrassed and depressed; she didn’t look up and directly walked to the couch and sat there.

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Please take a seat. I’ll be there in a minute.”

[The Cute Girl’s Mother/Mrs White]

“Thanks”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Do you want anything to drink? Beer anyone? I can make coffee or tea.”

[The Cute Girl]

“It’s OK, a beer, please.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Sure”

He bought three beers from his refrigerator and gave one to both.

[The Cute Girl]

“This is my mother”

[The Cute Girl’s Mother/Mrs White]

“You can call me Mrs White”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Sure Mrs White, it’s nice to meet you”

She said nothing back and seems like she’s pretending to be angry in front of her daughter.

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“So, yes I am the one on the pictures and I’m sorry about all the problems it caused.”

[The Cute Girl’s Mother/Mrs White]

“Is this your boyfriend? Are you two a couple as they say?”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“No, she’s a friend of mine.”

[The Cute Girl]

“Yes, we are just friends”

[The Cute Girl’s Mother/Mrs White]

“You sure?”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Yes”

[The Cute Girl’s Mother/Mrs White]

“And you two never had sex?”

[The Cute Girl]

“Mum, please I have a girlfriend?”

[The Cute Girl’s Mother/Mrs White]

“What?”

[The Cute Girl]

“I have a girlfriend.”

[The Cute Girl’s Mother/Mrs White]

“I know you have a girlfriend, the one who comes to visit you, so what?”

[The Cute Girl]

“I mean I’m a lesbian”

[The Cute Girl’s Mother/Mrs White]

“You what?”

That shocked Mrs White, and for sure it also surprised him. Neither of them expected something like that. All were speechless for a few moments and Mrs White was staring at her daughter thinking what to say next.

[The Cute Girl’s Mother/Mrs White]

“Did you know about this?”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“No, I didn’t”

[The Cute Girl’s Mother/Mrs White]

“So, that girl who comes to our house and stays all night. The one who visits and stays overnight is your lesbian girlfriend?”

[The Cute Girl]

“Yes”

[The Cute Girl's Mother/Mrs White]

"You didn't tell me and all this time you two were… Even at our house?"

[The Cute Girl]

"I'm sorry mum, I wanted to tell you."

[The Cute Girl's Mother/Mrs White]

"I'm sure you did. Please, where is the bathroom?"

[The Stranger From Cafe]

"Oh! This way."

He walked her to the bathroom and came back like a very surprised person.

[The Stranger From Cafe]

"You were bringing in your girlfriend and I was having sex with your girlfriend all this time, are you crazy?"

[The Cute Girl]

"We were with you, so we are technically bisexuals. It's only she doesn't know that."

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Yeah, right, She already knows.”

[The Cute Girl]

“No, I didn’t tell her. She doesn’t know, trust me.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“OK, whatever?”

Mrs White came out of the bathroom and looks like she has cried. It’s true that no one including Mrs White hasn’t expected her to be a lesbian.

[The Cute Girl’s Mother/Mrs White]

“OK, I need to talk to her. Your girlfriend. Ask her to come to our place today.”

[The Cute Girl]

“Today?”

[The Cute Girl’s Mother/Mrs White]

“Yes, today! Now we are going home and tell her to get there as soon as possible.”

[The Cute Girl]

“OK, Okay.”

Both left and Mrs White doesn’t seem to be happy about it. Anyhow after a few months of turbulence, they decided. Mrs White gave her permission for them to continue their relationship. There was no problem with her girlfriend’s side because they already knew about it.

These few months were a very busy time for him, he had to satisfy and listen to emotional sober stories of all three. She came to visit her often and most days she was crying and he mostly had listened to her and make her relaxed without making it worse. Someday she brought her girlfriend with her but her girlfriend never visited him alone.

Mrs White also visited him several times and seemed like in a lot of pressure because of her daughter’s decision. He normally had to take the pressure off of her by the best ways he knows. It wasn’t an easy task for him either to keep everything private and make them feel conformable during this hard time. Anyway, after the issue, all of them

reduced the frequency of visits and mostly focused on their relationships and going public about it.

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By now, he has become like her mentor. He didn't take it for granted because somehow he knew he is not a better one to give her life advice. Few months after they got permission, she visited him and had some great sex with him as she missed him a lot. After the session, she went into the bathroom as usual to have a shower. She walked out after the shower naked with the white towel wrapped around her head. She sat next to him on the couch without even putting on any clothes.

[The Cute Girl]

"What do you think of her?"

[The Stranger From Cafe]

"Who?"

[The Cute Girl]

"My girlfriend"

[The Stranger From Cafe]

"What about her?"

[The Cute Girl]

"Do you like her?"

[The Stranger From Cafe]

"She's your girlfriend, not mine."

[The Cute Girl]

"No, I mean is she a good one? I will ask her out and I'm excited about it."

[The Stranger From Cafe]

"Oh! Yeah, she looks like a keeper. I'm not a person to give you relationship advice. You are asking the wrong person."

[The Cute Girl]

"It's OK, just tell me what you think."

[The Stranger From Cafe]

"She loves you, I mean, she truly loves you so that counts. She looks good, and she cares about her. I'm not a fan of marriage, so I don't know about that but if you two can put

up with each other you two can move into someplace together."

[The Cute Girl]

"I will propose to her. I know you wouldn't agree but I like her and I need her by my side."

[The Stranger From Cafe]

"As I'd always say, do what's best for you."

[The Cute Girl]

"We were talking about adopting a baby. Do you think we two can be good parents?"

[The Stranger From Cafe]

"I honestly don't know. I'm not a parent and I am not a good son to my parents according to social standards, so I'm not even qualified to answer that question. You two are so young, do you really think you guys are up for this?"

[The Cute Girl]

"I don't know, we thought we should at least try."

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Whatever.”

[The Cute Girl]

“What do you think about me marrying a woman instead of a man?”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“I don’t know, you can handle either, I know that. If you can live with the one you love, does it really matter to you?”

[The Cute Girl]

“No, but would you consider marrying a man?”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Oh! No way.”

[The Cute Girl]

“Why?”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“First, I’m straight not a bisexual like you and I don’t want to even think of having sex with another man, that is just disgusting for me. But it’s just me, there are things I don’t

like but exists. I don't have a problem with that but I can't imagine myself doing that."

[The Cute Girl]

"So, you just hate to be with another man."

[The Stranger From Cafe]

"Something like that. It's nothing personal with gays, but I'd rather have a good friend than having a male sexual partner."

[The Cute Girl]

"Oh! You just don't like to have sex, that is what this all about."

[The Stranger From Cafe]

"What else would you mean by the word 'gay'?"

[The Cute Girl]

"No, I mean having a close relationship, with no sex I guess."

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“People call that ‘a friendship’! I have friends but I don’t sleep with them if that is what you are asking.”

[The Cute Girl]

“OK, OK, my bad. So you are okay with ladies sleeping with other ladies.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Yeah. I kind of love it. I mean I would love to see, it’s so hot, you know.”

[The Cute Girl]

“That is also gay.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“OK, I mean, I don’t have ladies being gay or even guys being gay. I just don’t like to see males having sex but I’d love to watch and even take part when ladies having gay sex. It is more like a fantasy to guys, you know. But guys are territorial, I can’t stand another guy sharing my personal space. It’s more like war, even with friends we have limits. I can tolerate ladies being nosey because they are who they

are but with guys, it's something personal. I don't know how to explain it."

[The Cute Girl]

"So, you think two guys can't live together?"

[The Stranger From Cafe]

"I honestly don't know how they work things out but I know, I can't. I've seen you two, the cute, adorable couple making love and sharing your space and that is just romantic. But that doesn't work with two guys you know, at least with what I know."

[The Cute Girl]

"So, you think we are a good couple."

[The Stranger From Cafe]

"Yeah. Honestly, I think she's good for you. Because no guy can give that much emotional support to a girl. I don't know I can't. I can stay around to take care of the security and other things that money can buy, but I'd hardly have time to stay emotionally available all the time for anyone. I think ladies are better off with ladies, we can just support

them in whatever ways we can. All we might need is some sexual gratification here and there and you ladies live your happy lives and we take care of the rest."

[The Cute Girl]

"I just can't believe you said that."

[The Stranger From Cafe]

"That is my honest opinion. Am I wrong?"

[The Cute Girl]

"No, but you wouldn't say."

[The Stranger From Cafe]

"I just did."

[The Cute Girl]

"That's disgusting to expect sex from married couples."

[The Stranger From Cafe]

"I didn't mean it that way."

[The Cute Girl]

"How else did you mean then?"

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“OK, isn’t it even hotter when it’s a married couple?”

[The Cute Girl]

“You are disgusting. You stay away from our place after the wedding”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“I have my needs covers, you don’t have to worry.”

[The Cute Girl]

“But still it’s a restricted zone for you.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“OK, whatever you say, princess.”

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She proposed her girlfriend during the new year’s eve and the whole event was stunning and divine. And her girlfriend said “yes”. The beginning of the new year was a busy one as they planned their wedding early on. Few days into the new year, Her girlfriend invited Mrs White and her daughter to her aunts’ place. Her aunt was no other than

the famous Mrs Smith, the businesswoman who runs the Smith family business.

Mrs White, her daughter and her fiancée arrived at Mrs Smith's private apartment on time and rang the bell. Suddenly a familiar face opened the door and greeted everyone. All of them including the one who opened the door got shocked. The one who opened the door is none other than the stranger from the cafe who had sexual affairs with all three women sitting outside of the door. All three guests were thinking what is he doing here, and he is thinking about what are they doing here. He got back into his senses and acted like he has met none before.

[The Stranger From Cafe]

"Hi! Everyone. Mrs Smith wanted you all to come in and have a seat. She'll join you in a few minutes. Please have anything you want from refreshments on the table."

All three realised what is happening and walked in thanking him and sat on the chairs in the middle of the living area. Some refreshments were already on the table middle of the living area and all three picked up three glasses and Mrs White poured wine to all three. He acted normally

around them and didn't talk much. Others knew that this is not a good place to talk about it, so they kept the talking between themselves.

As he mentioned Mrs Smith arrived at the scene in a beautify dark blue mini dress with some of her awesome jewellery and a matching pair of heels.

[Mrs Smith]

"Hi, how are you, everyone."

[The Cute Girl's Girlfriend/Mrs Smith's Niece]

"Not bad, you?"

[Mrs Smith]

"Not too bad I guess. So, we are having a chat, aren't we?"

[The Cute Girl's Girlfriend/Mrs Smith's Niece]

"I guess so. This is my girlfriend, and this is her mother Mrs White"

[The Cute Girl]

"Hi, how are you doing?"

[Mrs Smith]

“Not bad, thanks, you?”

[The Cute Girl]

“I’m doing well”

[The Cute Girl’s Mother/Mrs White]

“I head a lot about you, it’s nice to see you.”

[Mrs Smith]

“You too.”

She too picked up a glass from the table and poured some wine into it.

[Mrs Smith]

“Oh, I forgot, this is my friend and my escort for today. Keep things to your imagination, he’s mine.”

Mrs Smith was the most powerful client of all. She inherited the fortune of the Smith family and holds most of the shares of Smith family business. She was an athlete and a strong businesswoman who everyone respects. Even after this series of surprises the fact that all of them were his clients relieved him. But others didn’t know this, and he

knows how to keep client privacy. By now everyone in the room knew that he is with Mrs Smith and it wasn't a secret because he was her main escort. He went to most of Mrs Smith's events with her, and she didn't want to keep it a secret. She was okay to show off that she is keeping a young man by her side. But little she knew that he has his own underground empire of recreational sex which serves many women around her age. In many occasions he met his other clients while attending these events but played along well, never to reveal who knew him.

Mrs Smith was open about her sexuality and didn't care much about what others think of her sexual life. People often excuse a woman of that calibre of her wild sexual encounters because of the power she holds in the financial sector. No one even bothered to be nosey about her relationship with him.

The short discussion they had revealed it that this is a personal hen party to her niece before her wedding and with the look, Mrs Smith didn't like this marriage very much. However, it is more like her niece has convinced Mrs Smith of the bond between her and her girlfriend leaving

no choice to Mrs Smith. She suddenly finished her champaign at once and said,

[Mrs Smith]

“You know, lady! You don’t know what you are missing. So, let me give you a demo before your marriage.”

[The Cute Girl’s Girlfriend/Mrs Smith’s Niece]

“Oh! Come on!”

For the niece of Mrs Smith, this wasn’t a new thing or a surprise, because Mrs Smith normally walks around naked in her private apartments, and there were plenty of times her niece saw her with many young men in the past, in her private apartments. However, for Mrs White and her daughter this was a surprise. Even he didn’t see that coming.

[Mrs Smith]

“Strip!”

He removed his clothes one by one, when he’s about to unbutton his trouser, Mrs Smith stood up and grabbed his neck and kissed him. It was passionate and wasn’t

disgusting at all even for a woman of that age. Her black short dress and black heels made is more stunning than it should have. From the look of the behind with her dark hair with curls, no one could tell the age of this woman and anyone would mistake her for a young girl.

He thought Mrs White and others would leave after they made love, but no one moved and kept staring at them. He was uncomfortable at first and thought maybe they are not that surprised of it because all of them have already seen him naked. He suddenly saw the complexity of the client privacy by looking at the three women sitting in front of him staring at the way he makes love with Mrs Smith.

In a few minutes, both were unaware of the guests who are watching and they are making love like there's no one there. Even this made all the other three uncomfortable, they secretly enjoyed the sight. Few minutes in both were naked and Mrs Smith is only wearing her heels and jewellery. It was a hot scene to witness, that he is having rough sex with a woman on heels with a perfect athletic body and hair. Most of the time Mrs Smith took the lead,

and she handled him like a strong man would handle a young girl.

By now Mrs White, her daughter and her girlfriend knew that Mrs Smith owns him, both financially and in the game. It was the most passionate and energetic sex they've seen in a while and everyone knew that none of them has the energy and control as Mrs Smith does to have such passionately rough sex with him. They secretly envied her athletic body and powerful physique that handled such a man with ease. She hardly cared about what he wants. Almost all the time she made him do what she wants like he's the one who has submitted to her. This is hardly an easy thing for any of the other three.

Mrs Smith suddenly stood up while having sex and walked towards her mini bar. He is tired and sweaty. He lied down on the couch naked. It seems like he is having a hard time coping with the sudden stop as his partner suddenly walked away while he was inside her. Everyone else is watching at his slowly contracting penis on top of his abdomen. Mrs White seems to breathe heavily, and she suddenly turned towards the mini-bar and asks Mrs Smith,

[The Cute Girl's Mother/Mrs White]

"Can I borrow him for a few minutes?"

[The Cute Girl]

"Mum!"

[Mrs Smith]

"Sorry! He's mine for today. I can call someone up if you want to!"

[The Cute Girl's Mother/Mrs White]

"No! That's OK"

They didn't speak to each other more than a few words after that. After witnessing a few rounds of Mrs Smith conquering him on the couch, they all left, and no one spoke to each other on their way home.

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It was another day in winter, a few days after the get-together at Mrs Smith's apartment. Mrs White booked for an appointment with him. She came into the secret apartment and kissed him straight away. She didn't even

care to speak a word. They had hours of passionate sex but for him, it's like Mrs White is trying to recover a debt. She was wild and seems like hurt. It's more like she wanted to own him and take every bit of energy out of him. It looked like some revenge, for what she witnessed at Mrs Smith's place. I would say Mrs White wanted him to pay her back, with interest. They both fell asleep after a long exhausting session of a filthy devour.

Even though Mrs Smith was his most frequent and most influential client, no one truly knew the fact that Mrs White was his first client. She had a wardrobe of her own in this apartment. No one really knew about it and it will probably be a secret forever.

Mrs White woke up and saw him sitting on the couch looking at the sunset out of the window. It was beautiful, and she got off from the bed, naked, and walked to her dedicated wardrobe. It was a state-of-the-art password protected wardrobe only she could open it with her own secret code to the lock. She opened her wardrobe and took her favourite white Kashmir robe out and wore it. After

closing the wardrobe she slowly walked towards him while tying a know from the front of the robe.

She pours a glass of wine from the bottle on the bedside table and walked to him and sat on his lap In sideways so she could rest the back of her head on the arm of the couch. She took a sip out of her drink and spoke to him again.

[The Cute Girl's Mother/Mrs White]

"Thanks for helping my daughter"

[The Stranger From Cafe]

"I'm sorry, I wanted to tell you I didn't know she was your daughter."

[The Cute Girl's Mother/Mrs White]

"It's OK, thank for helping her get through her mess."

[The Stranger From Cafe]

"I didn't do much, and she paid me for it."

[The Cute Girl's Mother/Mrs White]

“I know but I still know you. I know you kept her calm and made it look like she got through all of it easily. She wouldn’t have made it with all those pressure without you.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Don’t mention it. I did what I could, and I got paid for it. You know I don’t want to get too emotionally attached with it, right?”

[The Cute Girl’s Mother/Mrs White]

“Yeah! Still, thanks!”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“You are welcome.”

He took client privacy as a serious thing. Even though she knew her daughter is a client of him, he shared no information about his encounters with her daughter. If she knew the extent of his involvement with her daughter’s affairs, she wouldn’t have thanked him like this. Anyway, he played all sides equally to keep all the information private,

She is still sitting on his lap to the sideways, watching at the sunset out of the window, while holding her glass at her hand. He slowly dragged her white robe to a side so it would reveal her left breast then he slowly bent down a little to the front and touched her nipple with the tip of his tongue. He slowly moved his tongue around her nipple and sucked it. That was the beginning of another long night of passionate sex for both of them.

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A few months later the two young ladies had a one of a kind wedding. It was a beautiful wedding and a well-planned one. It lasted for about a week in several successions for different people. Both Mrs White and her daughter separately invited him to the homecoming. They had a planned cover story to tell anyone who'd recognise him. He was okay with that too and accepted the invitation. However, as usual, Mrs Smith escorted him to the wedding, so he had to go to both the wedding and the homecoming. It was a good thing that Mrs Smith wasn't there for the homecoming.

The newlywed couple is having the time of their lives and they spent an extended honeymoon travelling all over Europe. They finally returned home after their honeymoon and got back to their usual routines. After a few months, they were in a good position and the couple moved into a new spacious apartment. By the time they settle in this new place they already planned the next big thing in their life.

[The Cute Girl]

“Do you really want to adopt a child?”

[The Cute Girl’s Wife/Mrs Smith’s Niece]

“Why not?”

[The Cute Girl]

“Do you even know how to parent one?”

[The Cute Girl’s Wife/Mrs Smith’s Niece]

“Come on! We can do this. We both can?”

[The Cute Girl]

"What would happen when they grow up? They'll get bullied for having us as parents"

[The Cute Girl's Wife/Mrs Smith's Niece]

"We'll see to that when that happens. Now the people are more accepting and I don't think it'll be a problem in a few years from now."

[The Cute Girl]

"I don't know, I feel scared about this"

[The Cute Girl's Wife/Mrs Smith's Niece]

"Don't worry, we'll be okay"

Somehow, after months of seeking for a child and arguing with each other, they secured an open adoption for a little boy. His parents knew of their popular lives but they were okay with it. But they wanted to make it open so they can see him from time to time. She was happy about it and they completed the process and took him home.

It was a phase of learning for both of them. Mrs White helped them as she can but Mrs Smith kept a distance from

them and didn't want to do anything with their son. The little one grew up to be okay.

Three years after the adoption they started his education process. It was an exciting time for all of them after witnessing how he finally started to walk and speak over the past few years. By now they already brought him to their family as their son's father figure. He gets invited to almost every event they go together and by now even he willingly helped them out with their child. He became fond with their child and the little one eventually became friendly with him and he's the only adult male the little one knew this close. The couple escorted him to most of the public events which they went with their child. Most of the time, he had to act like the man in their lives who is taking care of the child. It was awkward, but he did his job without a second thought.

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It was a day on the winter suddenly she, Mrs' White's daughter, came to his with her son. She already knew he's at home somehow, probably she has seen his vehicle

parked in the car park outside. She rang the bell, and he opened the door a few moments after that.

[The Cute Girl]

“Please, can you keep him until I get back?”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“For how long?”

[The Cute Girl]

“Please, I’ll get back as soon as possible. You know I would”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“OK, but I don’t know what to do”

[The Cute Girl]

“Don’t worry just play a game with him or put the TV on, he’d be OK”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Any food? Any allergies?”

[The Cute Girl]

"No, he is OK. He already took his breakfast. If he's hungry, just give him some juice and something to eat. No junk food."

[The Stranger From Cafe]

"Okay. Okay"

[The Cute Girl]

"And don't take him to your other apartment."

[The Stranger From Cafe]

"Are you kidding me? I know the difference between kids and adults."

[The Cute Girl]

"No, I mean if you get a call."

[The Stranger From Cafe]

"That's OK, I'll give them some other time if anyone calls. You just be safe out there."

[The Cute Girl]

"Thanks"

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“And please be hurry after you’re done with it”

[The Cute Girl]

“Sure. Love you. Bye”

“Bye. Mum”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Bye, should I say mum too?”

[The Cute Girl]

“Not funny! Take care of him!”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Will do”

She truly took her time and came back late in the evening, picked her son from his apartment and told him,

[The Cute Girl]

“Put some nice clothes on and come with us.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Where?”

[The Cute Girl]

“To a surprise party”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Surprise, for what?”

[The Cute Girl]

“It’s our anniversary idiot!”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Oh! I’m sorry I forgot. Didn’t you tell her?”

[The Cute Girl]

“No, she’ll directly come to the restaurant after work. We’ll be there ready.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Oh! That’s what you were doing all day. You should have told me I could have helped.”

[The Cute Girl]

“It’s OK, you helped more than anyone by taking care of him.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Okay, five minutes. I’ll be out.”

[The Cute Girl]

“We’ll stay downstairs, I need to buy her a gift.”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“Me too. OK, you guys go, I’ll catch up. Keep your phone with you, I’ll call.”

[The Cute Girl]

“Okay, hurry. We have to get there before she does”

[The Stranger From Cafe]

“On my way.”

He went back to his room and took a quick shower. Then he put on some black party clothes on and called her to find where she is. He then met with them and bought three presents for all three without letting them see.

They drove back to the restaurant, way earlier than expected but there were still things to do with the decorations. When they get in he noticed that Mrs White is

working with the staff of the restaurant to put some decorations.

Since the marriage of her daughter, Mrs White used her daughter's family as an excuse to keep him closer. Obviously, that is because of her jealousy about Mrs Smith's relationship with him. She used many excuses to call him over and the excuses involved family issues of her daughter, their little one and everything about that. Since everyone knows that they are popular friends, Mrs White had no problem calling him as she wishes after her daughter's marriage. This change made his life difficult, and he had to cancel many of his appointments to attend to her needs. Because of the complexity of the issue, he had no choice. This annoyed him a lot, and it is no wonder he is not that happy to Mrs White any more.

However, he helped with the decorations and by the time her wife arrives; they were ready. Her wife got off from the car and walked into the restaurant. They decorate the interior and hid behind the kitchen door until she comes in.

One staff member greeted her showed her way to a table middle of the restaurant. All that she knew was that there

was a reservation for two in this restaurant. Since no one is there in the restaurant, she might have thought her wife is getting late. So, she walked to the apparently reserved table and sat there. They all waited she settled in and got comfortable and rushed into the restaurant through the kitchen door screaming surprise. By the look, it surprised her, for real.

The event went well and soon after it's almost near midnight. Some were returning to their homes and Mrs Whit wanted to take some pictures of her family. She called upon to the photographer and asked the couple and son, to join her in the table next to the back wall. Then Mrs White turned around and looked at him. A few moments after staring at each other, she spoke,

[The Cute Girl's Mother/Mrs White]

"Come here! You are part of the family now."

It surprised him but he walked up to them. On the way he silently muttered to himself "Family escort, to be exact".

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This stranger has many stories to tell, including the story where a schoolgirl had a crush on him and asked him out. The dynamic of their relationship and the arrangements he made with this girl to keep her education intact. The agreement between two to make her study well in return for the private lessons he provides to her. The whole drama of she getting to know what he does for a living and not wanting to share him with others and so on.

Also, there is a sequel to this very own story where he hosts a children's program to teach kids maths and sciences, where he become a great teacher in his own unique way and his affair with the mother of the child who he presented the program with. However, those stories are for another day. Let's give this stranger a break.

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About The Author

Nuwan Wijayaweera (1984) was born in Kurunegala, Sri Lanka. He is a Sri Lankan IT professional who worked for various Sri Lankan and Australian companies since 2008. He wrote posts and articles since 2014 and he has written many blog posts since then. Now he is working on his first major book, which contains logs from his life events and his personal philosophy towards life.